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CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

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Selected Poetry.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

All in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Sucked the green warmth of the sod.
Oh, beautifully, unfathomably,
Its little life unfurled;
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for dancier dew.
Aye nesting warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close, and close, about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical, faint fragrance,
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
Where winged Hopes might build,
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise peared
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel light increased;
Like the mystery of moonlight
That holds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snowsoft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud up curled
And dropped in the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossoms,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing:
"Another bud of infancy,
With holy dew impaled;"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Selected Story.

A MISTAKE.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

John Lorrimer believed it a sad day for himself, when Mr. Strathley came to Ford to look after the mill, which had lately fallen into the hands of Strathley & Stone, lumber merchants of the metropolis, a hundred miles away. Why had Mr. Strathley chosen to immure himself in that little country village, whose society was naturally uncongenial to a man of the world? Why, if it was not because he had seen Margaret on his first visit to look after the purchase of the mill, and had dined at her grandfather's, as if he were an old friend, John reasoned? Were there not women as fair in his own world whom he could love and win, that he need go out of his way to rob another man? Could he not have sent an agent to reside at Ford, and attend to the firm's business, in that old fashioned corner of the earth, if money-making were the only attraction? What malice fate had caused him to gravitate to Ford, where no stranger was ever known to stop a moment longer than circumstances obliged him? With his fine manners and fine clothes; his palaver about things in heaven and earth; his handsome face and figure, was it not hiding his light under a bushel? What could he find in Ford to interest him if it were not Margaret?

It was a bitter season for Lorrimer, who, having been sweet upon Margaret ever since he was a boy in jackets, felt as if he had established a claim upon her affections, and was aggrieved to find her amused by Strathley,—walking with him in season and out of season; sitting in the farm house porch in confidential converse, or singing from the same psalter on Sunday evenings. It was surely enough to enrage any lover, and especially one who felt so certain of his case that he had delayed about riveting the chains, and had taken everything for granted before putting the question. Lorrimer began to study his mirror for the first time in his life; to suspect himself of awkwardness and ignorance. It suddenly occurred to him that he must have been blind ever to have believed that Margaret would care for him, though he had thought that actions spoke louder than words: though he had taken her part at school, when the others twitted her about her shabby gowns and her wild brother Ben, who had brought his grandfather's nose to the grindstone,—the country people said,—and obliged him to mortgage the farm, and this same which had been his own years ago,—in order to pay gambling debts.

"And served him right," they grum-

bled, not satisfied with the retribution Providence had seen fit to administer, "served him right for educating Ben beyond his betters, 'till he was that proud he looked down on his own kith and kin, and ran away to sea, where all the scamps go, when there ain't no more money to make away with. And it wan't no great loss, neither" they declared, "when he went down with all hands on board, off the coast somewhere, and nobody left to give the particulars; though he's gone to his account, and we don't hev no wish to dispare the dead."

All at once Lorrimer began to look at himself as if he were somebody else, and the view failed to satisfy his soul. Crossing the brook that flowed through the meadow one evening, he met Margaret alone.

"Well met," said she, gayly showing him a handful of water lilies. "See, I fished them out of the Bottomless Pond, in an old leaky wherry that was rotting on the shore. Will you have some?"

"Why didn't you ask me to get them for you, Margaret? You might have been at the bottom of the pond by this time."

"It is bottomless, you know." Why didn't you ask Mr. Strathley to get them for you?" he added, as an afterthought.

The sudden color reddened upon Margaret's cheek.

"Mr. Strathley has something else to do."

"But I have nothing else to do, that I should like half as well, Margaret;—we used to be such friends, I used to think, but no matter what, you find Strathley more to your mind, no doubt.

I don't blame you, only we, we were such old friends!"

There was a look of trouble growing in Margaret's eyes. "We are friends still, I hope," she said.

"We are?" That fellow with his fine airs and bold eyes has bewitched you; we were happy enough before he came. Do you know what they say in the village?"

"I do not care what they say," she replied with growing color and a tear in her eyes that belied her words. "What right have they to speak of me? Why do you listen, you who pretend to be my friend?"

"Pretend: That's an honest word between you and me! I listen because I'm not deaf. If Strathley had your good at heart."

"Take care, John, don't say anything against Mr. Strathley. You might be sorry for it some day. He is,—he knew my poor brother Ben, at school, or somewhere. It does us good to hear him talk of Ben!" It was hard for Margaret to dissemble, and she did it with a poor grace.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight," thought Lorrimer, "knew your brother Ben, did he? and your grandfather listens?" The time has been when Ben's name had been forbidden, and the old farmer had sworn that Ben's shadow should never darken his door.

"People ought to be careful how they speak of their own flesh and blood," groaned the neighbors, when the Arcutus was cast away, and the last chance of forgiving Ben with it. But though grandfather Bevis had aged since then, had begun to have a halt in his gait and a stoop in his shoulders, and to grow a fresh crop of wrinkles, yet even grim death had failed to obliterate Ben's misdeeds—*their* impoverished condition was a constant reminder. Mr. Bevis saw his more fortunate neighbors enjoying the fruits of lands he had cleared with the horny hand of toil, sitting down to bounteously supplied tables, with a good balance in the bank for rainy weather, while he and his fared scantily, and hardly dared to look the future in the face. Ben had been the apple of his eye, and to have suffered from his selfishness added another sting to want.

"When Mr. Strathley first mentioned Ben, grandfather just groaned, and toddled out of the room. The next time he shut his eyes and made believe to sleep; but now, do you know, he hangs upon Mr. Strathley's words, John, though he never asks a question. But the day will come when he will pardon Ben; I know it will!"

"And Strathley, having done missionary work, will demand his reward?" said John, bitterly. "Margaret, do you think he means fairly by you? Isn't it a season's amusement to him?"

"I have no fears," she answered.

But in spite of what folks might say, Mr. Strathley was at Ford, on and off, all summer.

"The mill needs a sight of looking after," they sniffed, "it might run away; he had taken a mighty fancy to Meg Bevis, and p'rhaps she expected to be a fine lady, anon, and ride in her carriage and have servants under her; but there was many a hole in the skimmer. 'T wasn't likely but he'd been used to women folks as could play the piany, and wear the fashions as natural as their own skins. Old Bevis ought to be ashamed to allow such goings on under his eves. High time o' day, too, for Mr. Strathley to put Bevis in overseer at the mill, over the heads of younger and smarter men, with no end of wages and nothing to do but watch the gang saw! That didn't look queer, did it? And wasn't Strathley's team stabled in Bevis's barn; and didn't Meg use it when she pleased, and a mighty smart team, too, no one-horse shay. And who could tell why he'd bought the Dean meadow of Bevis, when it was such a barren waste that the grasshoppers avoided it! He hadn't no use for it, there wasn't a stick of timber on it, but it put cash in old Bevis's pocket, where cash was a stranger, eh?"

Lorrimer was obliged to listen to all this, without the power of proving it false, and it made his heart ache as that organ had never ached before; darkened the day and embittered life for him. He dreaded to meet friend or foe, for fear of hearing opinions which he could not combat, and they all wondered that he would not join in the general cavil. Had not Margaret thrown him over for a flashy fellow, about whom nobody knew anything beyond what he chose to tell? Wasn't resentment the proper attitude for a jilted lover? To be sure, he felt very kindly toward this handsome, well-to-do gentleman who had stepped between him and happiness—who slipped so easily into the position for which he had served twice seven years.

He could scarcely bear the sight of him dawdling about Bevis's farm, as though to the manor born, but he was obliged to own that Strathley showed a surprising good nature, and indifference to his rudeness that was provoking; and that he was just as ready to be civil and friendly to him, afterward.

"Surely this is a hard world," thought Lorrimer, "in which it is necessary to love one's enemy, though he has stolen the apple of one's eye." Wasn't it requiring a little too much of human nature, or at least of Lorrimer's nature? Still, if he happened to meet Strathley on the highway and fared on a piece

with him, talking of the prospects for lumbering the coming winter; about provisioning the camp, and engaging men, and of that kind of rough and ready life, Lorrimer could not deny but he was a pleasant, companionable fellow enough, with a deal of backbone, who knew his work, and the sort of people with whom he had to deal.

"I meant to have a taste of this camp-life, myself, this winter," he said, by the way. "I want to know what it is like, to become brave enough not to heed poor fare, a hard couch, or howling wolves."

"You won't find it as easy as lying, I reckon," said Lorrimer, "a little of that kind of thing goes a great way."

"I daresay. Are you going to join my gang?"

"I? No, thank you. I'm looking for a chance to sell out. I want to raise some ready money and be off to California, where it grows faster than in this soil."

"Ah, going to leave for good and all? Any disappointment? She hasn't gone back on you, eh?"

"Who do you mean?" asked John fiercely.

"The girl you're going to leave behind you."

"I have no sweetheart," said John, easily.

"More's the pity; it's love that makes the world go round."

"No, it isn't, it's money."

"If you want money, my boy, let me help you."

"You! No, thank you. I want no man's money."

Lorrimer did not find a purchaser for his farm before the winter set in, cold and bitter, with angry storms and biting frosts. He was still waiting for one when Mr. Strathley came from town on a dark December day, and meeting Lorrimer, begged he would pioneer him through the woods to the camp.

"I suppose you know the woods as well as your own face?" he said.

"Yes," said Lorrimer: "only, if it should come on to storm as it threatens, we may lose our reckoning. Hadn't

you better wait till the weather clears?"

"How far do you call it?"

"Near six miles; but it isn't like walking on a concrete pavement, you know."

"No. I'm inclined to push on to-day, if you're willing."

They set out not long after noon; the sun came out and blazed at them; but by the time they had struck into the deep woods, he had thought better of it, and retire behind a flap of snow.

"This will all blow over," said Strathley, confidently.

"Or maybe we'll outstrip the storm and reach the camp ahead of it," agreed Lorrimer.

But though the storm seemed in no hurry, it meant business: from a slight flake, it grew into a lazy tumult of snowflakes obliterating landmarks, and making the woods murky and bewildering.

"Six miles are soon travelled in the worst weather," averred Strathley. It's getting confoundedly dark, though, Lorrimer; it seems to me we have walked ten leagues, already."

"I'll be blessed if it isn't the longest six miles I ever footed," confessed Lorrimer. "We ought to be close upon the camp, unless—"

But just then Strathley stumbled in the swiftly descending darkness, and fell, with a groan, over the ragged remnant of a lightning-blasted stump.

"Tough luck," said Lorrimer, rubbing his face with the new-fallen snow, and chaffing his hands; for Mr. Strathley was prone upon the ground in a dead faint. "What if he never came to life again?" Lorrimer asked himself. "What would Margaret do? Would he be happier for himself?"

"Where have I been?" asked Strathley, suddenly, sitting upright and trying to look through the darkness.

"That's more than I can tell you," answered Lorrimer. "You had a fall and knocked the breath out of you for a spell. Do you feel better? Could you walk, think?"

"Certainly. Let's be jogging. There, give me your hand. I'm a trifle stiff from the fall, yet. It's deuced cold, it seems to me."

"That's so; it left off snowing a mile back, and the wind has stiffened. It's going to be a rough night. We haven't any time to lose; you see we must have missed the path some time ago, that rascally snow pelted in a fellow's face so fast and thick! Eh! what's the trouble now?"

"I must sit down again, for a spell; I can't keep up with you."

"But you must, you know!"

"I couldn't walk another rod just now if Death himself were at my heels."

"Nonsense! Trudge along; it's growing colder every moment. It's death to give up."

Strathley staggered along for a few paces with Lorrimer's aid, but soon came to a halt.

"I tell you Lorrimer, it's no go; you'll have to leave me and push ahead."

"I'll carry you first."

"That deuced fall took all the pluck out of me. I might find courage to crawl if I were sure it wasn't a Tomfool's errand, if we were on the right track; but it would be a sin to keep you here in this weather. I'll wait a while and catch my breath. Do you go on. I'll overtake you sooner or later."

"Will you? If I leave you, you'll never take another step, you'll just dash off into the other world. The only safe thing for us to do is to keep jogging till we drop; anything else is suicide, and," with an effort, "there's Margaret!"

"Yes," drowsily, "there's Margaret, to be sure. I must make—an effort for her sake! But you push along; I'll follow. I couldn't walk just yet to save myself from perdition,—I'm so stunned and shaken;—no—I couldn't."

Lorrimer leaned against the nearest tree, and waited in desperation. It was bitter cold he owned, and his powers of persuasion were exhausted, but to leave the man to his own devices was certain death, and what then? Was he his brother's keeper? Why should he hazard life and love for this stranger who had stepped between himself and happiness?

Did he owe Mr. Strathley aught? He started forward a few paces, perhaps the camp was near at hand, and he could bring help. But what was he doing? Deceiving himself? Should he leave Strathley behind? Would he be able to find him in the dark? Would any halloo of his waken him from that deathly sleep into which he was falling? But there was Margaret, would she not be all his own again? And then he

hung his head there in the thick darkness. Only an instant, it may be, he paused in the shuddering night, and he turned back to Strathley, already slipping into eternal slumber, and half dragged and half carried him forward. Sometimes he rested and took breath; sometimes his sluggish burden slipped from his hold awhile; sometimes he shouted for help, and the howling wolves seemed to mock him.

"For God's sake, lay me down and let me die!" groaned Strathley, between fainting and sleeping. "Margaret can explain everything—who could bear a grudge against a ghost? She loved me, through good and evil report." Lorrimer picked up his burden and trudged on.

Was that a star glinting through the trees, or the moon rising big and red? or what was it? great heavens! could it be the camp fire shining like the gates of paradise? Some one, coming out into the night, closed the rude camp door behind him and shut them out into the darkness again. Lorrimer ploughed forward with a cry for help, and fell forward with his burden within a yard of the camp.

"If it had not been for you, Lorrimer," said Mr. Strathley, next day, when he found himself too lame and frost bitten to lift himself from the bed of spicery boughs, such as the camp afforded, "if it hadn't been for you, I should have stepped out last night. And it was at the risk of your own life, too! Greater love than this, hath no man!" And you thought I was Margaret's lover all the while? That's what I call heroic! I'm going to put you out of your misery. Look at me, John Lorrimer. Did you ever see Ben Bevis?—wild Ben, the prodigal son has returned; I am Ben Bevis,—Margaret's brother.

It was hardly worth while being jealous of me, was it? I have been winning my grandfather's heart, that's all of my deep-laid plans. If I had appeared before him without disguise of any sort, he would never have believed in my reformation; never have profited by a stiver of my money, well gotten gains, too. As a stranger I had some chance of earning my way into his good graces. You see, I left here twenty years ago, a stripling with flaxen hair and beardless face, and I am bronzed and weather-beaten beyond recognition.

When I return to Ford, we will have it out with grandfather Bevis, and know the worst or the best. And you, Lorrimer,—well, there's Margaret. Perhaps I shall dance at your wedding, in spite of a rough night in the backwoods."

LABOR and TEMPERANCE.

Within the past three months we have received a number of communications from various parts of the State, all of which call our attention to a matter of no small importance to working people.

The writers, for the most part, are men who have long been devoted friends of the labor cause, and rendered good service to the old and new Crispin order.

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SUNSHINE—ITS SECRET.

"The best was reserved for the last." Such was the verdict of nearly all who heard Rev. Dr. Willets, of Philadelphia, before the Bethel Lodge course, last Tuesday evening. The Doctor has a warm, sunshiny nature, brimming over with kindness and good cheer; a pleasing voice and magnetic manner, and he shed "sunshine" over his audience as he revealed his "secret of a happy life." His idea was that happiness springs out from the heart, is in no way dependent upon outward circumstances or surroundings, and this fact he demonstrated in numberless ways, and by anecdote and story which often convulsed the audience with laughter. His contrast between the character of Zacchaeus and that of Haman; his description of the school boy who was convulsed with laughter while being flogged, because he was the "wrong boy," and of the Yorkshireman who let his wife beat him because "it amused her and did not hurt him," while highly amusing, were used to illustrate the truth of his proposition that happiness springs from the heart.

A grand feature of the Doctor's lecture was, that amid all the humor and fun, the fact he was a Christian man, and viewed life through a Christian vision, was kept prominent; and no one will forget his story of the shad dinner, as illustrating how he dealt with the mysteries of the Bible—laid them aside, as he did the bones of the fish, and went on eating the relishing and healthy food, or his tribute of respect to Queen Victoria because, when asked to name the secret of England's greatness, she produced the Bible. In the language of another we would say:—"He came to us unknown, but his name will remain long in the memory of all who heard him, and his lecture will be remembered as one of the brightest rays of sunshine that flashed across their lives. Dr. Willets possesses a well-developed form, a face radiant with smiles, a strong intellect, and a humor and address that cannot fail to call forth admiration. He is fifty years old, but does not appear over thirty. His heart is full of sunshine, and his noble traits of character manifest themselves in every sentence. He can't help being happy, and commanding the love of all around him."

REFORM CLUB NOTES.

Since the changes in the rooms of the Arlington Reform Club have been completed, the Club seems to have taken a fresh start. Seven new members were admitted last Tuesday evening. There will be a public entertainment in the rooms, next Tuesday evening, to which an admission fee of ten cents will be charged. The committee are keeping the programme strictly private, but we can assure all that it will probably be the best of any yet given, and well worth a much larger admission fee.

On Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, there will be a public temperance meeting in Reynolds Hall. Mr. Love, who has been associated with Mr. Francis Murphy in his great work in Pennsylvania, a fine and effective speaker, will be present.

The ladies of the W. C. T. Union have chosen a committee to arrange for a sociable and supper in the rooms of the Club, and it will probably be given in two weeks.

W. S. S. class of J. S. Crosby surprised him at his residence on Mystic St., Thursday evening last, and after passing an enjoyable evening, enlivened by conversation and supper, Mr. Harlan Swan, in behalf of the class, presented an elegant silver ice pitcher, suitably engraved. Mr. C. thanked the class in a few words expressive of his surprise and pleasure, and they parted, hoping that the relation of teacher and scholars might long continue.

ENTERTAINMENT.—On the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 30, the fourth entertainment, under the auspices of Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter will be given in Masonic Hall. It promises to be of unusual interest, as it will introduce local talent in the well-known drama, "Flower of the Family." Tickets can be obtained of the members, at the low price of thirty cents each. The entertainment will close with a dance, as usual.

There was a very interesting entertainment at the Unitarian church, last Thursday evening, consisting of Shaksperian readings, etc.

The special meetings at the Universalist church, during the past week, have been well sustained.

A Musical and Educational Excursion to Europe.

It is, perhaps, well known to our readers, that Dr. E. Tourjee, of Boston, is organizing an excursion party to visit Europe next summer. In fact, the party is for the larger part already made up, and although vacancies now remain, late applicants will be likely to find the lists closed, as the number of excursionists are limited to two hundred and fifty.

Dr. Tourjee's scheme combines many excellent features, educational and otherwise, not the least appreciable of which, is the possibility of making quite an extended tour of Great Britain and the Continent, at a comparatively small outlay. Taking its departure from New York, June 29th, the party will visit the north of Ireland, Scotland, England, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, (including the beautiful Rhine District), Switzerland and France, returning to New York on or about September 1st. The time has been fixed so as to accommodate teachers, students and others, who can be absent only during the customary summer vacation. Supplementary tours through Italy have been planned, and persons desiring to stay abroad a longer time than is contemplated in the main excursion, can do so, the return tickets being good for an entire year.

The cost of the ticket covering the two ocean transits, all travel by railway, steamer or other conveyance, and all incidental board at hotels for the entire period of the main excursion, will be \$400 in gold, which, at the ruling rates, is only a few dollars above that sum in greenback currency. It is stipulated that all travel shall be first-class, and that all hotel accommodations shall be the same. The price named, is very low, considering what is to be seen and the extent of country to be travelled over.

The cheapness of the trip, however, is not its only consideration. The route has been arranged with much care, and includes not only some of the most picturesque of Great Britain and the Continent, but also some of the great art centres.

A visit will be paid to Paris during the progress of the Great Exhibition. Special educational advantages are offered in connection with the trip, and special attentions have already been tendered from various points, carrying with them many facilities for study and observation not enjoyed by ordinary travellers. A large ocean steamer—one of the very largest afloat—is to fitted up for the exclusive use of the party in its two ocean voyages, and all danger of over-crowding is precluded. The vessel is provided with a saloon, or concert-room, on deck, and this will contain an organ and grand piano. Lectures, concerts, and various entertainments will be given on the way across. Carl Zehraun is to conduct daily choral practice, and O. B. Bruce, formerly superintendent of public instruction at Binghampton, N. Y., and late secretary of the New York State Teachers' Association will have charge of the library department.

One of the marked advantages will be appreciated by both those who are accustomed to foreign travel, and those who are not. Dr. Tourjee has arranged with the celebrated excursion managers, Messrs. Cook Son & Jenkins, for the trip to take place under their auspices, and under the conductorship of their agents. All arrangements for transportation and hotel accommodations will be made in advance, and even rooms will be assigned in advance, so that the travellers themselves will be relieved of all care and responsibility. It not infrequently happens that travelling is robbed of half its pleasure by the anxiety and trouble regarding hotel and travelling facilities, but by this arrangement even ladies travelling alone will be properly cared for without inconvenience or trouble. Even a knowledge of French or other continental languages will be by no means essential, inasmuch as there will be a score of interpreters at one's elbow, beside the official guides, conductors and agents.

Among the notable features of the tour, will be visits to the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, the beautiful Scotland lakes, a journey up the romantic and picturesque river Rhine, and an extended trip through Switzerland; embracing visits to the mountains, lakes and most excellent waterfalls. Among the cities to be visited are Glasgow and Edinburgh, in Scotland; Carlisle, Leeds and London, in England; Antwerp, Brussels and Aix la Chapelle, in Belgium; Cologne, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe and Baden Baden, in Germany; Strasbourg, in France; Schaffhausen, Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, Brienz, Interlaken, Thun, Berne, Fribourg, Lausanne and Geneva, in Switzerland; and Dijon, Fontainebleau, Paris and Rouen, in France. Among the great European watering places to be seen, are Wiesbaden and Baden Baden, in Germany; Dieppe, in France; Brighton, in England; also, Interlaken and many other of the great resorts in Switzerland. A night is to be passed on the summit of Mount Rhiji.

It will be seen that the trip is a very comprehensive one. The advantages presented to musicians and musical students include visits to the Theory of Music School, of Edinburgh University, the Royal Academy of Music, London, and the Conservatories des Musiques, of Brussels, Geneva and Paris. Many of the great museums and art galleries may also be inspected, and the opportunities for attending operas, concerts, and of hearing the best of church music, will be among the incidental features.

The party already includes several well known musicians and teachers. The lists are for the present open to all who can furnish satisfactory references. The membership is to be kept very select.

THE BELMONT BRUTALITY CASE.

The Boston papers of last Saturday contained a highly sensational article on the alleged brutal treatment of a young girl named Annie Clarke, aged eleven years, by Mrs. George Brown, of Belmont. The stories were to the effect that George Brown and his wife Ellen, who reside near the Waverley station in Belmont, and had charge of the child, had used her very badly, clothing her very insufficiently in inclement weather. Another statement was that the child was seen with only one garment washing dishes in a shed in the coldest weather. As there is no shed near the house or anything like one, and no room in the house but is heated, there must be a trifling mistake. Another was that she was required to go to a brook a hundred yards distant in "frightfully cold weather" (it was in September), to wash her garments.

The most absurd statement of all was that the skull of the child, who died early Saturday morning, was found crushed in, an assertion for which there was not the slightest foundation. Dr. Mack, who was called for the first time a few hours before her death, declined to authorize the statement that the child was "one mass of black and blue spots from beatings." There seems to be a large amount of heresy information, but it was difficult to obtain any other, the stories evidently having lost nothing were as above stated.

Mrs. Brown's statement was to the effect that on the 8th of June last she went to the Catholic Home, and the sisters showed her several children. She selected this one because she was attracted by her sweet little face. The child was delicate, but was very kind to her mistress, and to all about her. It was found, however, that she was troubled with sores, and Mrs. Brown's husband and friends advised her to return the child to the Home. Thinking that it would be better for the child to remain with her, she kept her. It should be said that the Sisters required a recommendation of Rev. Father Green, of Watertown, which he cheerfully gave.

About Christmas time the child was attacked with diarrhoea, which clung to her most of the time until she died. Her husband wished her to call a physician, but her wealthy neighbors undertook to cure the child by sundry prescriptions, and for a time succeeded; but the child finally grew worse and weaker, but not so seriously as to create alarm until last Friday, when she appeared somewhat delirious at night, when Mr. Brown went to the vicinity of Belmont station and called in Mr. David Mack. The child died at 3.30 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday.

Recently the child fell down stairs from weakness, and once cut her hand with a plate which she was carrying. She also bruised her back. There were probably marks from the sores wherever they had been on her person. Mrs. Brown claimed that she treated the child as well as if it were her own, and solemnly and indignantly denies that she ever punished the child by beating her with a stick or with anything but her hand.

TEMPERANCE WAVE.—The temperance work in the western part of the State, carried on principally by Francis Murphy and his co-laborers, is attaining large proportions, and promises to spread through most of the towns in that section. At Springfield, on Saturday evening, the meeting was crowded and thousands of signatures have been obtained. The local converts to the cause are beginning to be heard from on the platform, and the story of their reformation, told among those who know them best, has great effect. Mr. Murphy's talk in public and private is marked by charity and a spirit of persuasion rather than controversy. At Westfield on Friday evening the entire police force went forward and signed in a body, and there were many other signers. Cheshire is sharing in the temperance revival, and there have been from fifty to ninety signers each evening during the week. At South Hadley Falls during the first three evenings 420 names were secured to the pledge, many being those of hard cases. At Worcester, Pittsfield, Great Barrington and Adams the work is in successful progress.

TEAM STOLEN.—Last Monday evening Mr. Fred. Marsh, of Winchester, left his team standing in front of the residence of Mr. Amos Adams, on Arlington Avenue, and when he went for it, found it gone. It is presumed it was stolen not far from six o'clock. As yet no traces of it have been discovered.

Mr. Asa Durgin has purchased the ice privilege and nine houses on Little Spy Pond, and will cut his ice there as soon as it is suitable. He is now engaged in making the needed repairs.

MEMORIAL OF THE W. C. T. U. TO THE LEGISLATURE.

The following memorial was presented to the Legislature Wednesday afternoon:

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled:

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, comprising a membership of ten thousand of the Christian women of Massachusetts, comes once more to the representatives of the people, with this memorial, asking that the State will assist in removing the great stain with which the curse of intemperance sullies her fair fame.

Since we last came as petitioners, there has been witnessed in the State such a massing of moral and religious forces against this parent of vices as the world rarely witnessed. The fervor of religious zeal has inspired a hitherto unequalled, systematic and protracted labor to rescue the perishing. Religion has called to repentance, and stretched forth the hand of love to many a returning prodigal. The great moral reformation of the previous year has also been continued. Scarcely a town in the State has been left untouched in these ministrations of mercy. We greatly rejoice in the blessing which has attended the labors of the past year, and for all the glorious results we render thanks unto Him, whose we are, and whom we serve.

But while our hearts are stirred by this proof of the power of divine and human love to save the fallen, we are compelled to turn with deepest pain, to a darker picture. The work of destruction, carried on under the sanction of the State, has kept pace with the work of salvation. The grogshops established by the authority of the Commonwealth, have destroyed more than the churches have saved. The ranks of the great army which marches onward to dishonor, disgrace and death are kept constantly filled. In spite of the grandest religious and moral effort of half a century, with its wonderful trophies of grace, the grogshops of Boston are filled with patrons, and the courts and prisons with the fruits of the rum traffic. If we look out into the State we witness the same scene—religious and moral effort have rescued hundreds, but the seven thousand liquor shops, with their unnumbered thousands of patrons, are making drunkards more rapidly than all the churches and temperance organizations are saving them.

Nor are the rescued safe. The Christian women of Massachusetts have a right to speak and claim to be heard upon this point. To no other work have they devoted so much of time and strength, during the past three years, as to the care of men redeemed from the power of this curse. We speak from sad experience. From all parts of the State comes the same story—of joy and rejoicing over returning prodigals, and of weeping over redeemed men returning to their degradation because the State has put legalized temptation in their paths. Sadder yet, if possible, are the terrors which come to us from the large places, that the young men hitherto unstained by this vice are being corrupted by a traffic to which the State has given a position of respectability.

Before our eyes there continually rises a picture of degradation, and want, and wretchedness; of ruined homes; of broken-hearted wives and mothers; of children under training for lives of vice and shame; of redeemed men dragged back into the pit; of the flower of our youth drifting to destruction—and the State extending the axis of its protection over the authors of all this woe! Will not the curse of God rest upon a State which permits the greatest enemy of His kingdom to wage war against Christianity and humanity under its shield?

With continual crying unto God for the removal of this curse, the Christian men and women of Massachusetts have toiled for her regeneration. In so far as we have failed, the responsibility must rest upon the State, which, while we labored to persuade men to lives of purity, temperance and virtue, has given in the sanction of law to those who pandered to their appetites and passions. We cannot purify the current of our social life, while the State pollutes the fountain!

We therefore respectfully pray your honorable body to withdraw the shield of law which protects those who destroy the homes, the virtue, the morals, the prosperity of the people; that if this iniquity must exist, it shall only live, as it deserves, under the ban of law; a recognized crime against the State, and against humanity.

For the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. M. A. LIVERMORE, President.

Mrs. L. B. BARRETT, Secretary.

THE CHURCHES.

Rev. C. H. Spalding will preach at the Baptist church, next Sabbath afternoon, in the Old Testament series. "Ahab: Drawing the Bow at a Venture."

Subject of sermon at the Universalist church Sunday morning, "The Heaven we hope for. Lecture room talk in the vestry at 7 P.M., subject, "Bearing the yoke in youth."

St. John's church, Sunday School at 2.45 P.M. Afternoon church at 3.30. Evening service at 7.30. The morning service will be omitted until further notice.

Services at the Orthodox church as usual, next Sunday. Sermon by Rev. J. Lewis Merrill.

SILVER WARE.—We would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. J. L. D. Sullivan, No. 26 School street, Boston. Mr. Sullivan is successor to the late Newell Harding, and for some years after the death of this well known silver smith, continued the business in his name at the old stand. A short time ago he concluded to conduct the business in his own name, and remove to the elegant rooms especially fitted for him, on School street, where with greater facilities for display, and better conveniences for carrying on the increasing business, he could more easily meet the wishes of his customers. His establishment is well worth a visit, and goods in his line cannot be purchased more advantageously any where else.

GROCERIES.—By notice in another column it will be seen that the new firm of Fessenden, Russell & Co., are making a bid for a portion of the grocery trade of this vicinity. Their stock is of the very best, and as they promise to sell goods cheaper than others, and to deliver them free of express charges, we do not see why their trade should not be materially improved.

CANKER WORMS.—We are informed that by the following method, trees may be protected from canker worms and borers:—About the first of May bore a half inch hole in the sap of the tree; put in one drachm of calomel, cover with wax or clay. It is a simple remedy, and well worth trying.

POUND PARTY.—The lady friends of Wm. Penn Hose Co., will hold a "Pound Party" in the hall of the hose house, on the evening of Monday, January 28. The energy displayed by the lady managers in perfecting the arrangements, would indicate that the party will be very successful.

W. H. H. Tuttle, Esq., has removed from Arlington, and taken up his permanent residence in Boston. His office is 27 Court street, where he will be pleased to see any who desire legal advice.

The Union Sunday School, Arlington Heights, is making preparations for their annual festival in aid of the school.

Water rates must be paid before Feb. 1, or the water will be shut off.

(Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON LETTER.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21, 1878.

Congress has again dropped into the routine of business. The opportunity to visit their constituency during the vacation and thus be brought into immediate contact with the want and suffering of the people, the utter loss of confidence and the prostration of business, it might have been supposed would have aroused these legislators to return to their labors, determined to settle some of the financial questions that now, more than anything else, the country demands. Last Monday he came down town on one of the many errands daily entrusted to him, and was set upon and nearly killed by a large bull dog belonging to Mr. C. Adair, the hotel keeper. Friendly hands rescued him as soon as possible, and he was taken to his home and cared for. One leg was broken, and he may recover. No event has occurred lately which created so general excitement in the centre of the town.

CHALK TALK.—Baird's lecture before the Field and Garden Club course, last Wednesday evening was one of those unreportable efforts which must be seen to be appreciated, and so we shall make no attempt. His skill as an artist is very great, and the cartoon placed upon the board with such wonderful rapidity made the evening pass pleasantly and quickly. The audience was a remarkably good one, considering the state of the weather. We are informed that the drawings made by Mr. Baird are to be placed on the walls of the Cary Library for a short time.

Mr. W. Walcott commenced housing his ice Friday morning, Jan. 25.

THE TILT IN THE SENATE.

Of course everybody will read the report in other columns of the lively debate in the Senate, yesterday, as a result of the Maine Senators' presentation of the King statue. Sensible people will not get nervous and fussy, and sacrifice their sleep, because Mr. Blaine indulged in sharp criticisms of Massachusetts' treatment of Gov. King and the Maine colony, or of her course in the war of 1812. It is of little consequence to our present character or prosperity or happiness, that our ancestors burned witches at the stake, or were selfish in the matter of a local controversy, or

be as healthy as those brought into being through the natural process.

Don Platt, of the *Sunday Capitol*, came out yesterday in a two column editorial in praise of President Hayes. Platt is the man who published, over his own name, on March 4, 1877, an article, in which he said that if Hayes was allowed to enter the White House alive the Democratic party were not what he took them for. For this he was arrested and indicted, and now, within ten months, he dines with the same President and writes two-column editorials in his praise. There must be a foreign mission or some other place in the near future.

This is the time when every one rushes frantically into print. It seems to be the panacea for all sorts of passions and disorders. Men hunger after renown, "As the Dead sea for ghosts," and the immense number of passengers who are anxiously taking seats in the stage-coach bound for fame are something enormous. The newspapers here are overrun with articles concerning this or that man.

The women of the land have been convened here in their annual suffrage convention. They undertook to force the Senate into passing the bill to allow them to be heard at the bar of the Chamber. They crowded the lobbies, sang hymns and prayed for the wicked Senators, but all to no purpose. They

were unpatriotic on the question of war half a century ago. Public opinion has changed since then in many respects, and we don't know why we should be called upon to defend and explain away transactions for which we are not responsible. Neither do we appreciate the sensitiveness of our representatives who assume that a raking up of salient points of history is a personal attack upon themselves, requiring a personal rejoinder. Every State has upon its records matters that had better be erased, and the people of every State look back upon many of the acts of their predecessors as foolish and indefensible. Massachusetts need not go into hysterics because the history of witchcraft is related, nor Rhode Island because we refer frequently to the Dorr Rebellion, nor Connecticut because of her Hartford Convention and wooden nutmegs, nor New York because of her warfare upon the Green Mountain Boys, nor Pennsylvania because of her whiskey rebellions, nor any other State because of many other slips and improprieties half a century ago. The record of a community is not sacred, so that for common people or Senators to touch it is sacrilege. Mr. Blaine committed no offence against the world by his historical references and recollections, whatever may be the motive or propriety of the act, and Messrs. Dawes and Hoar magnified a mole-hill into a mountain when they accepted his speech as a challenge to personal combat. Let us be sensible and not petty about a matter which involves nobody's character or honor, except those who hasten to put on the fool's cap.—*Traveller.*

COFFEE PARTY AND EXHIBITION.—There will be a Coffee Party and Exhibition, at the vestry of the Unitarian church, Lexington, on Thursday evening, January 31st. Tea will be served from 5 to 7 o'clock. After tea there will be an exhibition by the members of the Sunday School, consisting of dialogues, tableaux, and vocal and instrumental music. Admission 15 cents. Reserved seats 35 cents. Tickets with reserved seats for sale at the post-office.

AN EXCHANGE says that "when a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee, but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what they call a relapse."

THE LADY FRIENDS of the Wm. Penn Hose, will give a Pound Party at the rooms of the company, January 28th, and solicit the patronage of those wishing to participate in "tripping of the light fantastic toe." We feel safe in promising a good time for those who enjoy orderly, well-regulated parties. Tickets limited, apply to the managers.

A GENTLE HINT.—In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial 10c.; regular size, 75c.

Marriages.

At Arlington Heights, Jan. 17th, by Rev. C. A. Cook, James P. Beddoe, and Miss Mabel L. Cook, both of Arlington Heights.

Deaths.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Jan. 21st, Fannie G., daughter of Charles E. and Ida L. Moss, aged 3 years, 10 mos. 23 days.

In Arlington, on Paralysis, Jan. 20, 1878, at the residence of her daughter, (Mrs. Chas. Schwamb), Mrs. Jane Hinton, wife of Mr. John Hinton, of Nashua, N. H., aged 77 years.

Mrs. Hinton came to Arlington (her former place of residence), to visit her daughter, Mrs. Charles Schwamb, dangerously ill. Last Sunday Mrs. H. was stricken with paralysis, and died in a few hours. Her pastor, Rev. Mr. Leroy, speaking of the deceased, says:

"She was a woman of deep faith, and of a pure, devout, consistent life. In her home she was an unselfish and devoted mother; in the church she was an example to others in her soundness and singleness of purpose. She was a constant attendant at church notwithstanding her age and extreme feebleness. Her life was full of prayer and of the reading of the Bible, and was marked by the utmost simplicity of character. In the true humbleness of a 'Life hid with Christ in God' her influence will be recognized in her death, and she will leave a measure full of blessing and comfort to those who knew and therefore loved her."

She sleeps. How beautiful to go
So peacefully to rest.
To close the eyes on all below,
And be forever blest.

Thus passed the aged Christian one,
Whom now we mourn as dead;
Her labor o'er, her work well done.
To God her spirit fled.

Oh Father, may thy strength be given
That stricken one to cheer,
And each day may it seem that heaven
To him is drawing near.

A. E. A.

WANTED.
A PHYSICIAN would like rooms with board for himself and wife; also, office room on or near Arlington avenue. Address, "PHYSICIAN," Box 1415, Providence, R. I.

BOSTON TEA STORE,

Arlington, Mass.,

UNDER SAVINGS BANK, PLEASANT STREET.

In view of the hard times the BOSTON TEA STORE have decided to make a sweeping reduction from former prices with the expectation of increasing their sales proportionately.

Please examine the following prices and compare them with what you are paying elsewhere.

Our celebrated "Rival Brand" of St. Louis Flour, marked down from \$9.50 to \$9.00.

Choice St. Louis, - - - 8.50.

Good " " - - - 8.00.

GRANULATED SUGAR, - 10 CENTS,

Kerosene Oil, 18 cents per gallon,

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL, 30 cts. per gallon.

MOFASSEIS.

Fancy Porto Rico,	80c.
Very Choice Porto Rico,	75c.
Choice Porto Rico,	60c.
Good Porto Rico,	50c.
New Orleans,	80c.
Best Syrup,	75c.

TEAS.

Our 50c. TEA marked down to	40c.
60c. " " "	50c.
75c. " " "	65c.
90c. " " "	80c.

This is 10c. per pound less than the same grades of TEA can be bought anywhere else.

COFFEES,

ROASTED AND GROUND TO ORDER,

Mocha,	40c.
Best Old Government Java,	35c.
Best Rio,	30c.

Canned Tomatoes, 10 cts.—Peaches, 15 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Kennedy's crackers,	9 cts. per lb.	Rye flour,	5 cts. per lb.
Pure cream Tartar,	40 "	White corn flour,	5 "
Pure Leaf Lard,	12 "	Cracked wheat,	6 "
Best salt Pork,	12 "	Crushed "	6 "
Loose Muscatelle Raisins,	13 "	Pearled "	8 "
Choice figs,	15 "	Pearled Barley,	8 "
New Malta dates,	10 "	Arlington wheat meal,	5 "
New Persian, "	15 "	Hand picked pea beans,	10 "
Hominy,	6 "	" yellow eyed "	10 "
Irish oat meal,	8 "	" marrow "	10 "
Scotch "	6 "	" white kidney "	10 "
Canada "	5 "	Best Medium,	8 "
Rye, "	3 "	Pure Cider Vinegar,	30 cts.

A full line of FLAVORING EXTRACTS, from B. F. Hoard & Co., New York. For purity, strength and flavor they lead all others in the market.

Foreign and Domestic FRUITS and NUTS. Valentine ORANGES, 25c. per dozen; LEMONS, 20c. doz. We have reduced the prices of SPICES. All Spices warranted strictly pure.

The Best BUTTER, from New York and Vermont dairies and creamaries, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

Preserve this advertisement for future reference.

All orders for \$20.00 or over, delivered FREE, anywhere within fifty miles.

BOSTON TEA STORE.

Arlington, January 25, 1878.—4w

Fessenden, Russell & Co.,

—SUCCESSIONS TO—

ADAMS, FESSENDEN & Co.,

wholesale and retail dealers in

STAPLE

—AND—

FANCY

GROCERIES

No. 177 COURT STREET,

—AND—

HOTEL BERKELEY, BOSTON.

MESSRS. FESSENDEN, RUSSELL & CO. DESIRE TO CALL ATTENTION

OF THE PEOPLE OF ARLINGTON

AND VICINITY TO THE FACT THAT

THEY ARE SELLING

Staple & Fancy Groceries

at prices which will

DEFY COMPETITION,

and as they DELIVER all articles pur-
chased of them

FREE OF EXPENSE,

all will find it to their advantage
TO PURCHASE OF THEM.

Their stock is the BEST
to be found in the City of Bos-
ton, and embraces every arti-
cle included under the head of

GROCERIES, besides TEAS,

WINES, CIGARS, PRESERVES,

FRUITS, etc.

J. L. D. SULLIVAN,

Formerly Newell Harding & Co.,

SILVER SMITH

—AND—

SILVER PLATER,

Invites the ladies and gentlemen of Arlington and Lexington to inspect the

ELEGANT STOCK OF

SOLID SILVER.

—AND—

SILVER PLATED WARE,

At the beautiful new store,

26 School Street,

BOSTON.

The store is stocked with choice and beautiful
goods of newest design and best quality.

Silver Wedding and Bridal Gifts in great vari-
ety.

Old Family Silver renewed and made over to
order.

Re-plating a specialty.

Harding's Silver Plate Powder has an unpar-
alleled record of 35 years. For sale wholesale
and retail. Samples free.

The decline in cost of material and labor has
reduced the price of all goods in our line, lower
than in the old days of specific payment, and the
present is therefore the most favorable time to buy.

TERMS, CASH.

ONE PRICE ONLY.

J. L. D. SULLIVAN,

26 SCHOOL STREET,

BOSTON.

N. B. Ladies visiting the city will find the store
a comfortable resting place and they are invited
to use it.

REMOVAL.

Fairbanks, Brown & Co.

Have removed to the new and eligible Store,

83 MILK STREET,

CORNER OF CONGRESS STREET.

POST OFFICE SQ., BOSTON.

With additional facilities, they

solicit the continuance of the generous patron-

age of the public.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD

SCALES.

In every variety, of the best possible quality,

and with the latest and most valua-

ble improvements.

83 MILK STREET,

POST OFFICE SQUARE. 4w

MRS. R. RENWICK

Artistic Dress Maker,

ARLINGTON,

Takes pleasure in thanking the ladies of Arlington
and vicinity for their valuable patronage on the
part.

Being now located in convenient and comodi-

ous rooms, at the junction of

Arlington Avenue and Charlestown St.,

I feel warranted in saying that they are the best

for my business in town; and with my unequalled

TAILOR SYSTEM of cutting and fitting, no other

dress maker in town can cut and fit a dress with

such beauty and rapidity as myself.

Those who have seen specimens of my work

will judge further regarding this.

To any other I would say that I learned my trade

at Richmond & Co., Chestnut St., Phila-

delphia, and since then have been employed at

various times by R. H. White & Co., Sheppard

Woolen Mill, S. D. Drew & Co.,

Selected Poetry.

THE OLDEST STORY.

Under the coverlet's snowy fold
The tiniest stir that ever was seen,
And the tiniest sound, as if fairy folk
Wereudding under a leaf, I ween.

That is the baby, he came to town
Only a day or two ago;
But he looks as wise as if he knew
All that a baby can ever know.

There he lies in a little heap,
As soft as velvet, as warm as toast;
As rosy-red as the harvest moon
Which I saw big on the hazy coast.

Heard him gurgle and sputter and sigh
As if his dear heart would break,
And could away as if all the world
Were only meant for his littleness' sake.

Blink, little eyes, at the strange new light;
Hark, little ears, at the strange new sound;
Wonderful things shall you see and hear,
As the days and the months and years go round.

Hardly you seem a life at all;
Only a something with hands and feet;
Only a feeling that things are warm;
Only a longing for something to eat.

Have you a thought in your downy head?
Can you say to yourself so much as "I?"
Have you found out yet that you are yourself?
Has God told what you will be by-and-by?

It's only a little that we can guess,
But it's quite as much as we care to know;
The rest will come with the fleeting years,
Little by little, and better so.

Enough for the day is the good thereof;
The speak of a thing that is lying there,
And the presence that fills the silent house
With the tender hush of a voiceless prayer.

Miscellany.

SANITARY EFFECT OF HOUSE-PLANTS.

Even if it is granted, however, in the face of these incontrovertible facts, that vegetation exercises no perceptible influence upon the composition of the atmosphere in the open air, many persons will not be disposed to give up the idea that the air in rooms can be improved by plants, because, as is well known, every green leaf absorbs carbonic acid and gives out oxygen under the influence of light. This idea may seem more justifiable, because, although the production of carbonic acid is not perceptible in the greatest assemblages of human beings in the open air, it is always observed in confined spaces, although the actual production is but small. In the air of a closed apartment, every person and every light burning makes a perceptible difference in the increase of carbonic acid in the air. Must not, therefore, every plant in pot, every spray, any plant with leaves, make a perceptible difference in a room? Every lover of flowers may be pardoned for wishing to see this question answered in the affirmative. Have not even medical men proposed to adorn school-rooms with plants in pots instead of ventilating them better, in order that their leaves and stems might absorb carbonic acid gas from the mouths of the children, and give out oxygen in its stead? But hygiene cannot agree even to this. Hygiene is a science of economics, and every such science has to ask not only what exists and whether it exists, but how much there is and whether enough. The power of twenty pots of plants would not be nearly sufficient to neutralize the carbonic acid exhaled by a single child in a given time. If children were dependent on the oxygen given off by flowers, they would soon be suffocated. It must not be forgotten what a slow process the production of matter by plant is—matter which the animal organism absorbs and again decomposes in a very short time, whereby as much oxygen is used up as has been set free in the production of it. It is for this reason that such great extents of vegetation are required for the sustenance of animals and man. The grass or hay consumed by a cow in a cow-house grows upon a space of ground on which a thousand head of cattle could stand. How slow is the process of the growth of wheat before it can be eaten as bread, which a man will eat, digest, and decompose, in twenty-four hours! The animal and human organism consumes and decomposes food as quickly as a stove burns the wood which took so many thousand times longer to grow in the forest.—From "Hygienic Influence of Plants," in Popular Science Monthly for February.

Brown's wife went to the dentist's on Friday and took gas. The new set of teeth are not ready; nor is she ready; and there has been peace in the Brown family for several weeks. As Brown remarked yesterday, "her mouth is closed for repairs."

"There is no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh, isn't there, pa? A man must always be present when he is being shaved." "My dear," said pa to ma, hadn't you better send this child to bed?"

A Pennsylvania boy gained a holiday for the whole school by dropping his rubbers down the heater, and ever since he has been enraged at himself for not economizing and dropping them one at a time.

Grace Greenwood was standing in a Washington horse car, when a sudden start threw her over into a gentleman's lap, when she said, "I beg pardon, sir; but you see I am a Lap-lander."

The old man looks down and thinks of the past. The young man looks up and thinks of the future. The child looks everywhere and thinks of nothing. And there are a great many children in the world.

BUILDERS' AND CARPENTERS' HARDWARE AND TOOLS, AND SADDLERY WARE,

for sale, at prices as low as the lowest, by
LYMAN LAWRENCE, Practical Harness Maker,
ROBINSON'S BLOCK, LEXINGTON, MASS., OFF. TOWN HALL

NOTICE TO THE Purchasing Public.

The subscriber, recognizing the changes in the method of doing business which have taken place within the past few years, whereby **CASH** and **short credit** have been substituted for **trust** and **long accounts**, and being desirous of keeping up with the times, and feeling convinced it is for the interest of both purchasers and dealers to adopt the new method, will,

On and after Jan. 1, 1878, conduct his business on the following terms:

—All accounts, after Jan. 1, 1878, must be SETTLED EVERY MONTH.

—All who pay **CASH** DOWN as they purchase goods will be allowed a DISCOUNT, based on the amount of purchase and quality of goods bought.

—Grain, or all kinds, will be sold at the Lowest Market Prices, for CASH ON DELIVERY.

All goods will be of the best quality the market affords, and will be sold at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, and satisfaction will be given in all cases.

In accordance with the above terms we respectfully invite the patronage of all.

LEONARD A. SAVILLE

Lexington, Dec. 29, 1877.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

The Best Flour,

The Best Teas,

The Best Coffees,

The Best Spices,

The Best Molasses,

and the

BEST GROCERIES GENERALLY

are to be had of

C. A. BUTTERS & CO., at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES:

—New Raisins a Specialty. —

A FULL LINE OF CROCKERY, AT A LOW PRICE

F. H. KNEELAND,

Blacksmith and Carriage Builder,

Near Centre Depot, Lexington, Mass.

Particular attention paid to Over-reaching, Interfering, or Tender-footed Horses. All work in the best manner, at lowest living prices for good work.

Lexington, June 16, 1877.—ff

EVERETT S. LOCKE,

Agent for the CELEBRATED

MAGEE Stoves

and RANGES, embracing the Vendome, Champion and STANDARD Parlor Stoves GLOBE, COOKING STOVE and STANDARD RANGES, furnished at less than Boston prices, and warrant ed.

Stove Linings & Stove Repairing a specialty.

Personal attention will be given to every description of Tin and Sheet Iron Work. Repairing in all its branches, in the best manner.

Lexington, Oct. 14, 1876.—y

BROOKS, RUSHTON & CO.'S LEXINGTON & BOSTON Express,

GEO. M. LITCHFIELD, Agent.

Office in Lexington, L. A. Saville's store; Boston Offices, 75 Kilby street, 34 Court Square, and 15 Devonshire Street.

Leave Lexington at 7.00, 9.15, a. m.; 1.00, p. m. Leave Boston at 11.00, a. m.; 2.00 and 4.30, p. m.

Trunks carried to and from the depot to all trains. All orders for Jobbing will receive prompt attention.

Lexington, April 28, 1877.

HADLEY'S Lexington, East Lexington and Boston DAILY EXPRESS.

Offices, 8 and 32 Court Square, Box 42 Quincy Market, Boston.

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